









## MOSQUITO FOUND TO BE AID TO DOCTOR

British Experts Use It in Treating Paralysis.

London.—"Can you lend us some mosquito-netting?" We've got a lot of it, we want to know. It is a sort of thing the British ministry of health is getting used to as a result of the latest researches at the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, London, for the venereal little insect pest has its uses in the sacred cause of healing.

The mosquito in fact is, in certain cases, a "doctor," and he has been able to do, in cases of general paralysis and mental diseases, what human doctors have been unable to accomplish. So that the patient need not feel too grateful to the little pest, it must be said at once that "healing" is no part of the mosquito's intentions, for when he inserts his needle-like proboscis in the flesh of the patient selected for biting-treatment, he fondly imagines he is pursuing his old trade of "infecting." And this, in a way, he is doing—although his enzyms are now being directed by modern science.

### Produces Malaria.

It has been found excellent results have been obtained in otherwise "incurable" mental and general paralysis cases where the patient has become infected with malaria, for when the malaria germs have been conquered, recovery from paralysis follows in the majority of cases. "Doctor Mosquito" is, therefore, being called in to supply the malaria. This ordinary doctors will do the rest.

At the Horton Mental hospital at Epsom, Surrey there is a "mosquito room," where Prof. P. G. Shute, gold medalist of the College of Pathology, rears, with tender care, from 800 to 300 fine healthy mosquitoes, all guaranteed to bite ferociously, and able to infect you with any disease desired. Details of the case, for which a "man" of good biting mosquitoes is required, are sent to Professor Shute, and he proceeds to prepare his "pets" for the ordeal.

In normal paralysis cases, about 200 will do, though sometimes 200 are required. Shute sees his "pets" get a good feed from a person suffering from malaria (this may be a bit painful for the malaria patient, but it helps to remove the virus, as is curative even in his case). When Shute is satisfied his mosquitoes have become thoroughly infected with malaria he sends them to the institution which has asked for them.

Feed on the Patient.

On arrival they are allowed to enjoy themselves biting a person suffering from paralysis, though the bites are carefully regulated by the doctors in charge of the case. One day, perhaps 50 mosquitoes are loosed on the patient, the next day perhaps only 50, on the fourth or fifth day he may only have to entertain 30 or 40.

When the patient is first bitten his temperature rises as high as 103 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is allowed to remain at that until ten readings have been taken. Quinine is then administered, the malaria is treated normally, and when it disappears the symptoms of paralysis disappear with it. In the majority of cases, at any rate.

Lieut. Col. S. P. James, adviser to the ministry of health on tropical diseases, declares that as a result of giving malaria to patients suffering from general paralysis, a new field has been found for research into the terrors of malaria in the tropics.

### Girl Saves Farmer

Hampton, N. H.—Eighteen-year-old Lella Hedman is a heroine here following her rescue from certain death by Thomas Cogger, farmer, who, caught in the cutting edges of his mowing machine, was being dragged by his panic-stricken horses.

### Solon Rescues Woman

Washington—Senator Robert N. Stanford, Oregon, risked his life in a successful effort to save a drowning woman in a heavy undertow off Ocean City, Md.

### Paris Now Wearing Jewels of Rubber

Paris Rubber Jewels is the latest fashion. Designed for wear at the beaches, its popularity has caused it to appear even on the boulevards in the form of multi-colored bracelets. For beach wear imitation pearls of rubber composition or wood, bracelets and anklets are chosen.

Butterfly bouquets of rubber for wear with beach costumes are also in high favor.

Earrings are a conspicuous part of the Parisian woman's summer. The long pendants which disappeared for a time are back in more exaggerated form than ever. Long drops of chased crystal, jade or coral, heavily touching the shoulders, are much seen at the rate courses where Paris' smartest women congregate.

Jet earrings the size of bracelets were worn recently at Au-ten-tell. Their size and weight made suspension in the ears impossible.

## ST. THOMAS FREED FROM ALL CRIME

Police Commissioner Applied New York Methods.

New York.—The only crime to be found today on St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, is the salary paid to the police commissioner. At least when he arrived here on the Columbian liner last night, he said "it was a crime to take the money."

The commissioner of police for St. Thomas is M. J. Nolan, former captain in the New York police department, in charge of the West Thirtieth street station. New York methods have put the damper on St. Thomas' intentions to support home industries and have its own little crime wave.

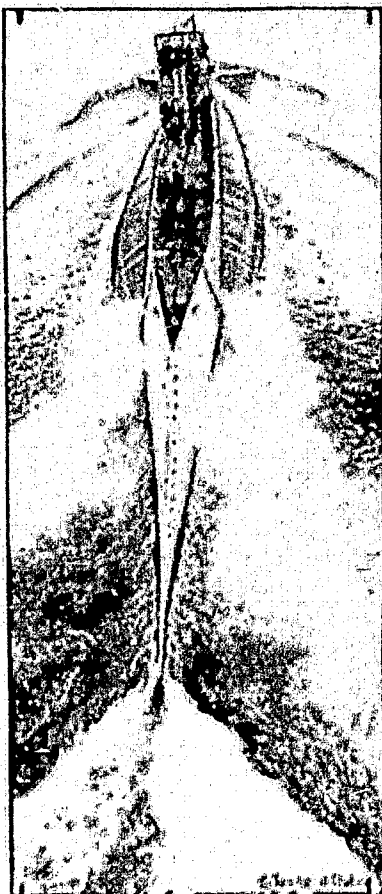
"There isn't a crook of any kind in St. Thomas," Commissioner Nolan said upon his arrival. "It has become so quiet down there that I'm ashamed to go around and collect my salary."

In order not to feel guilty of a holdup, Commissioner Nolan said he waits for them to send his salary to him.

On a visit to the Virgin Islands six years ago to see his son, Dr. Roger Nolan of St. Croix, he told St. Thomas officials of New York's methods of cleaning up the underworld. At the time pickpockets, thieves and holdup men had an open season all year round. The officials extended an invitation to Captain Nolan to apply these methods.

He came, he saw, he established a dead-line, bought new uniforms for the 40 members of the police force and in two weeks the crime wave disappeared like a marcel in hot weather. The only trouble left to the police, Commissioner Nolan said, "is that neither my force nor I have anything to do."

### SUB FROM ABOVE



This smart piece of photography shows the submarine O-3 of Uncle Sam's navy, as it appeared in the striking maneuvers off Block Island.

### Crop Area Falls Off as Population Gains

Washington.—For the first time in history there has been a decrease in the crop area of the United States.

Despite a marked increase in population, there was a reduction in the last five years of 10,000,000 acres in the area of harvested crops, the Department of Agriculture has disclosed in an analysis of the agricultural census statistics. Notwithstanding the decrease, the crop area still is sufficient, in the opinion of department experts, to maintain a large volume of agricultural exports.

The 10,000,000 acres have reverted to pasture or have been allowed to lie idle, the cause being attributed chiefly to the agricultural depression of the last five years.

Largely as a result of the war time prices, about 40,000,000 acres of pasture land were plowed up and put into crops between 1918 and 1919, and about 5,000,000 acres of forest land cleared for crops. Nearly half of this total, experts believe, was used to meet the increased European demand for foodstuffs. Owing to the extraordinary demands of the war period, the acreage of crop land in 1919 was nearly ten years ahead of what had been the previous rate of expansion relative to increase of population.

### Plotted Path of the Hurricane by Radio

Washington.—The use of the radio compass in plotting the course of a storm has been revealed by an experiment made during the recent hurricane which swept the West Indies and the coast of Florida, according to a statement from the Navy department.

Lieut. E. H. Rinehart, navigator of the navy transport, Kittery, plotted the hurricane by taking bearings while the ship was on the way from Port Au Prince, Haiti, to St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. He took the bearings of the poles of heaviest storm and from this data computed the center of the sweeping storm. Checking this with later weather reports, he found he had accurately plotted the path of the hurricane.

## SEARCH OF FOURTEEN YEARS BRINGS GOLD

Prospector Stakes Out the Stanislaus River Bed.

Oakland, Calif.—Lee Silver and Bert Warrington hold the secret. Lee is a hard-bitten prospector who wandered around 14 years before he could get anyone to listen to his story. Old legends clustered about him. The tale of the Mexicans' mine was ascribed to him. Chinese cooks in the gold country who had worked with Bert Harrie and Fred Mark Twain shook their ancient heads in honorable disdain.

Bert Warrington of this city took a chance. Craftily, cannily, as and Silver made their survey. Now the whole region of Brightman's flats bristles with their claim stakes. "They believe there is gold in the Stanislaus river gravel. They have posted their claims and filed their papers. Even now the shafts are being sunk that will tell them if their dreams are to come true."

### How He Discovered It.

Silver says it all started 14 years ago. He was wandering around in the High Sierra of "Columbia county" when there came a call for help from his brother in San Jose. Silver and his partner started out immediately.

Down the Stanislaus river they went, along the trail that leads over Sonora pass, to Brightman's flats, 50 miles west of Sonora. Here they camped for the night. While the partner was saddling the pack mules in the morning Silver, in true prospector fashion, panned a little gravel in the river bed. Tiny and scattered but unmistakable was the gleam of gold.

Silver's great dream was born. He pushed on to San Jose, helped his brother and started back for the gold country. To his dismay, there was none to believe him. He knew that gold could be wrested from that river bed, but the experts snickered.

### Engineer Takes a Chance.

Warrington, a civil engineer with some knowledge of mining, finally decided to risk it. Painfully, almost inch by inch, they went over the territory, digging and panning. They prospected the side streams, Eagle creek, Cow creek, Niagara creek, and others, but found no gold. It existed only in the main valley of the Stanislaus. After months of labor, they filed their claims in Sonora.

Graybeards of the gold country link their venture with the legend of the Mexicans' mine. Their story comes down from the days when the jumping frog of Calaveras was still a gay young blunder and had never tasted buckshot in his life.

Two lowly Mexican sheep herders wandered into Sonora one morning with nuggets valued at \$15,000. People tried to vain to solve the mystery of where they had discovered them.

### French Women Sail Boat 1,700 Miles

Paris.—Two noted French archeologists, both women, have just published a book on a remarkable voyage they have made. Alone on board a little 24-foot sailing boat, the first of the same type as that in which their fellow countryman, Captain Tardieu, crossed the Atlantic. Marie Tardieu and Hermine de Senneville have covered some 1,700 miles in the Aegean sea.

The two women started from Athens in Greece, and visited Asia Minor, doing all the work themselves in port as on the high seas.

Marie Tardieu has just obtained her degree at the Sorbonne and is well known for her excavation work in Crete, where she has discovered the ancient city of Mallia, which had disappeared. Her comrade, Mme. de Senneville, is also a noted archeologist who has worked in Greece.

### Postmaster General Out to "Teach" Addressing

Washington.—Lack of street and number addresses on letters has become such a drag on the postal service that Assistant Postmaster General Harbert has begun a general campaign to educate the business public in the necessity of giving complete addresses on all letters. Postmasters have been requested to take up the subject with advertisers in their cities with a view to having a complete address appear in all advertisements in newspapers and magazines.

### \$200 in Will for Cat's Relatives Get Rest

New York.—"I give and bequeath unto the New York Women's League for Animals \$200 for the sole purpose of taking care of my cat, Runny, read a provision in the will filed for probate in the Surrogate's court of Miss Cecelia Reman Simon, who died in Belknap, N. Y.

Miss Simon, whose estate is estimated to be worth more than \$11,000, made bequests to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Hyde & Wee Home for Poor Cats and Animals, and an additional legacy of \$200 for the Women's League for Animals. "Daughter of my dear friend Beth Moyle," receives \$1,000. The residue is divided among relatives.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

(60, 1025, Western Newspaper Union.)

The constant duty of every man to his fellow is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others.—Jean Ruchkin.

"I protest I do honor a chine of beef, I do reverence a loin of veal!"

### SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

To give variety and elegance to informal meals there is no better aid than a well-stocked fruit closet. This is the time of the year to fill the shelves with jams, jellies, preserves and conserves. The following suggestions may be worth while in regard to their use:

A cornstarch pudding topped with a spoonful of strawberry preserves or any other small fruit, makes a plain dish quite out of the ordinary.

Any pudding like rice, bread, left-over cake with plain custard is richer and more tasty with a spoonful of jelly or jam dotted over it.

Milk toast is delicious served with blueberry jelly, blackberry jam or loganberry preserves.

A firm jelly may be cut into cubes to use in fruit salads, to garnish cocktails, cake frosting, as well as ice cream.

Jelly rolls, jelly tarts, jelly doughnuts and jelly omelet are all easy to make if one has plenty of jelly.

Jams or jellies are good to serve with waffles and griddle cakes; piled in layers with plenty of butter and jelly on each layer, they may be cut as pie and are served as dessert.

Very small baking powder biscuits, opened and spread with butter, then with jam or jelly are fine; cover and serve hot as a tasty sandwich.

Apple sauce with a few spoonfuls of strawberry jam added makes an entirely different sauce.

Crush strawberries until well-mashed, then take equal measure of sugar, stir and let stand in a cool place until all the sugar has been well dissolved and absorbed by the berries. Have cans well sterilized and cool, fill and seal without cooking. Keep in a very cool cellar and they will be good to the last can. Raspberries and other small fruits may be canned fresh in the same way. This is the time to preserve watermelon pickles for the winter. Soaked overnight in salted water, then cooked in clear water until tender, and then dropped into a spicy vinegar and sugar and sealed, they cannot they will be a welcome dish in the winter.

Rhubarb jelly is particularly good with ham, grape, currant, mint and pineapple are served with meats.

When serving game a spoonful of currant jelly added to the gravy makes a pleasant sauce.

To avoid lumps in sauces and gravies add the fat to the flour and cook before adding the liquid, or when sugar is used mix flour and sugar well before adding it.

### Sandwiches.

Stones, drain and thinly slice red and white cherries. Add an equal measure of chopped drained pineapple and one fourth of a cupful of chopped pineapples in a 1 x 1 1/2 quart glass dish. Use as a filling between slices of nut bread spread with marmalade and butter. Garnish with fresh fruit and leaves if possible.

Sardines, Eggs and Pimento Sandwiches.—Drain sardines from the oil using a medium sized can. Remove the skins, bones and finely mince. Rub the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs through a sieve and chop the whites very fine. Drain two pineapples from the liquid in can, place in cold water, dry between the folds of a cloth and chop fine. Mix all well with a nicely seasoned mayonnaise dressing.

Ripe Olive and English Walnut Sandwiches.—Drain ripe olives from the brine and cut the meat from the pits, finely chop and drain. There should be a cupful of finely minced meat, mix with the olive meat and add mayonnaise. Spread this mixture of white bread with pineapple butter, spread half of the olive and mayonnaise and the olive mixture. Put together in pairs, press the edges and trim off ends. Serve with coffee.

Sweet Butter, Ham and Mustard Sandwiches.—Cream one-half pound of butter thoroughly and add sufficient French mustard to lightly season it. Spread this mixture of bread with the butter, cover one half of the slices with thinly sliced boiled ham, put together in pairs, trim off the ends and cut into any desired shape.

Corned Sandwiches.—Drain sardines from a large can. Remove the skins and bones and finely mince. Add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped sour pickles, season with salt, mustard, pepper, catsup and mix with mayonnaise. Spread one half of the slices with the sardine mixture. Put together in pairs, cut into rounds and serve with any crisp salad.

Brown and White Sandwiches.—Spread brown bread with butter and French mustard, spread white bread with snappy rich cheese. Put together in pairs and cut with a round cutter.

Kellie Maxwell

## To Customers of General Motors

General Motors is unwilling to leave to chance anything involving your satisfaction with your purchase of a General Motors car.

This is why more than seven years ago the General Motors Acceptance Corporation was organized. It assures customers of General Motors who prefer to purchase out of income a sound credit service at low cost.

In the General Motors line there is a "car for every purse and purpose," and the GMAC Plan can be comfortably fitted to the individual circumstances of buyers of assured income.

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## GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

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## ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other respiratory troubles. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Kellogg & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

## Quick safe relief CORNS

In one minute your misery from corns is ended. That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do safely by removing the cause—preventing or rubbing off corns. You fix no infection from amateur cutting, no danger from "drops" (acid). Zino-pads are safe, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. Get a box at your druggist's or shoe dealer's today—35c.

For Free Sample write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago

## Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

CASH PAID FOR PAIR TRENCH, GOLD and silver coins and bars of American and foreign origin. Cash for old gold, silver and jewelry. Write to J. H. Adams, Jacksonville, Fla.

The death penalty was prescribed for almost 100 crimes in eighteenth century England.

## Camp Fire Girls

IS THERE anything more refreshing after a hike in the woods than a cup of Monarch Cocoa? It makes "a feast of neatest sweets" possible at the camp fire. Pure, wholesome, rich, satisfying, delicious.

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Keenly Held Through Chain of Events. REID, MURDOCH & CO. Chicago • Boston • Pittsburgh • New York

## SONGS

That Are Sweeping the Country

"Kentucky Lullaby"  
"Out of My Dreams"  
"Don't Forget the Pal You Left at Home"

(All Have Ukulele Accompaniment)

35c Per ALL \$1  
Copy 3 FOR

Get 'em from your Music Dealer or direct from Publisher.

Forster Music Pub., Inc. 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

MAN WANTED To open agency for product that is demanded by men. Radio and listening plant. Write John R. R. 122 E. 10th St., New York.

## GIRLS WANTED

Between the ages of 18-25 years to train as nursing attendants in hospital. Given up to 100% of year training course after January, April, July and October. For particulars address Association of Nurses, 1000 Broadway, New York.

## Clear Your Skin

With Cuticura Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal Absolutely Nothing Better



## MONARCH COFFEE

More than 200 Quality Products including COFFEE and COCOA

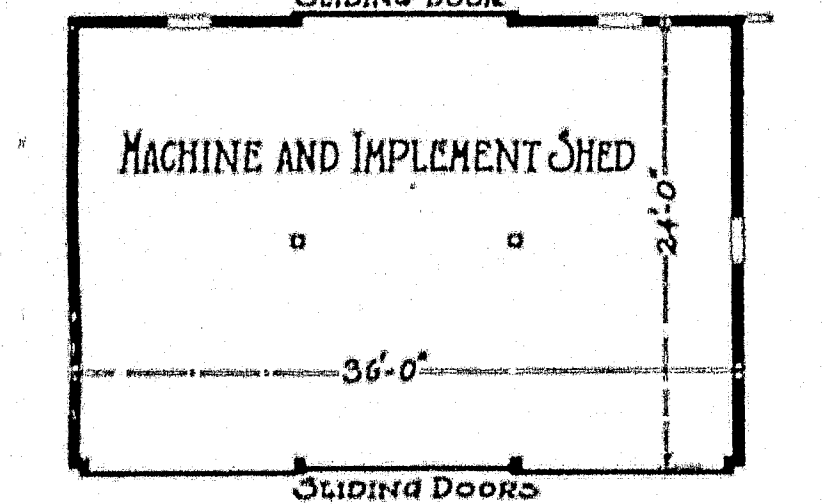
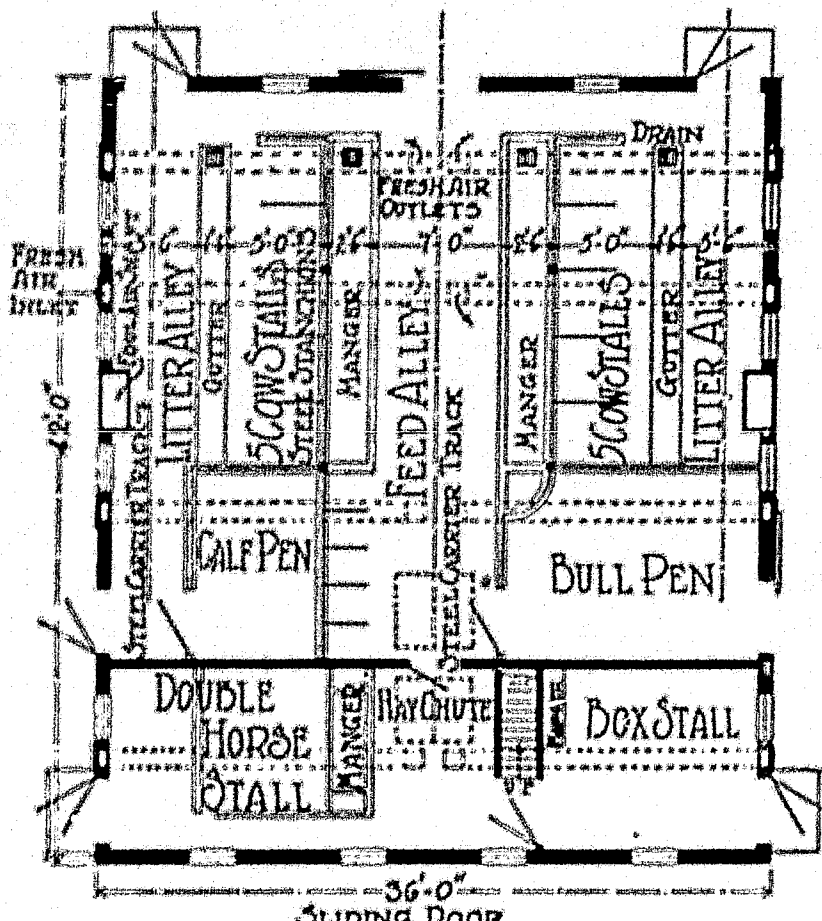
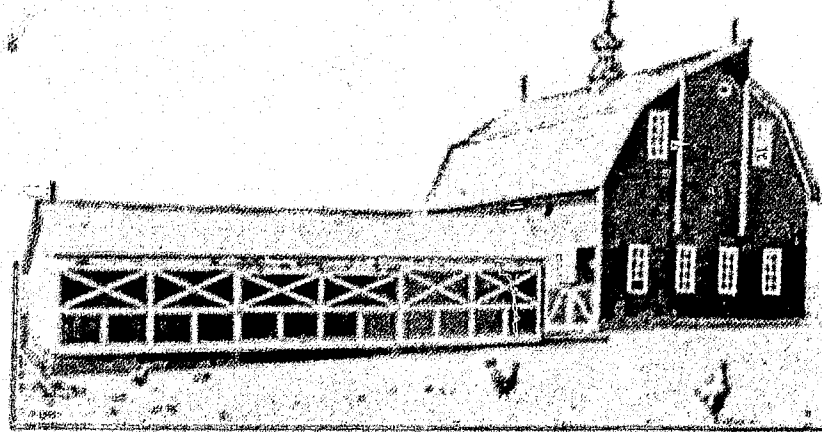










Dairy Barn and Implement House  
That Saves Labor and Expense

**By WILLIAM A. HADFORD**

The plan of a building with a large machine and implement shed, and a dairy barn, is shown in the accompanying illustration. The building is designed to save labor and expense in the operation of a dairy farm. The plan shows a central aisle with stalls on both sides. Key features include a 'Calf Pen', 'Bull Pen', 'Double Horse Stall', 'Box Stall', 'Sliding Door', 'Machine and Implement Shed', 'Fresh Air Inlets', 'Fresh Air Outlets', 'Feed Alley', 'Manger', 'Gutter', 'Litter Alley', 'Sewer', 'Drain', and 'Ventilator'. Dimensions are provided for various sections, such as 36'-0" and 24'-0".

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Current  
Wit  
and  
Humor

## HANDICAPPED

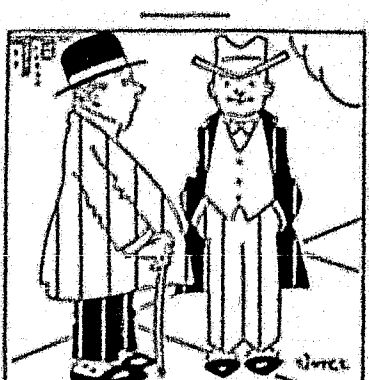
Anytime Director—I know the very man we want for our new superintendant.

Director—What's his name?

Anytime Director—It happens to be George Washington.

Director—Nothing doing! Sounds too much like George Washington—the visitors will be taking him for one of the inmates.

## A HARD-LUCK VICTIM



"I wear no man's collar."

"Neither do I, but I get it in the neck just the same."

**Was Proof to Him**

Young Willie Jenkins thought he was pretty Katherine's suitor. But when she married Fred, he learned he had not been.

**Efficiency**

"You see that man with the high forehead and the sunken eyes?"

"Yes. What is he?"

"He's an efficiency expert, he told me."

"What on earth's that?"

"That sort of man who doesn't enjoy a sea voyage because all the salt is going to waste."

**Last Hopes**

First Man—Ah, it's a wonderful experience I have on a holiday, when I go out into the great forest and walk among those splendid trees and commune with nature, absolutely alone, with no one to bother me!

Second Man—It must be great. Next time I'll go with you, Pathfinder.

**Rash Pledges**

He once swore, I swear never to love anyone but you.

She—You think you will be able to keep all these rash pledges?

**We Hope He Profited**

Grandpa—How did you like the money that father left you?

Grandson—I earned it under the lead of "Profits and Loss."

**The Bee's Whiskers!**

Editor—What is this hair doing in the corner?

Writer—It's all right, sir. It's from the famous bee you know.

**IN BIBLE TIMES**

"This is a good boy."

"Why so?"

"Just the right age for our cradle."



"This is a good boy."

"Why so?"

"Just the right age for our cradle."

**Hot Yet**

By a peaceful voice and little they are so hot and so hot.

The sign on the car says "Hot Yet."

**Bound to Snip Something**

Reporter—Wouldn't you like to see the new car?

Owner—No, thank you. I don't want to see the new car.

**Romance**

Here, it's wonderful to talk to him!

Reporter—Yes, but it's more wonderful to be him.

**The Pink of Condition**

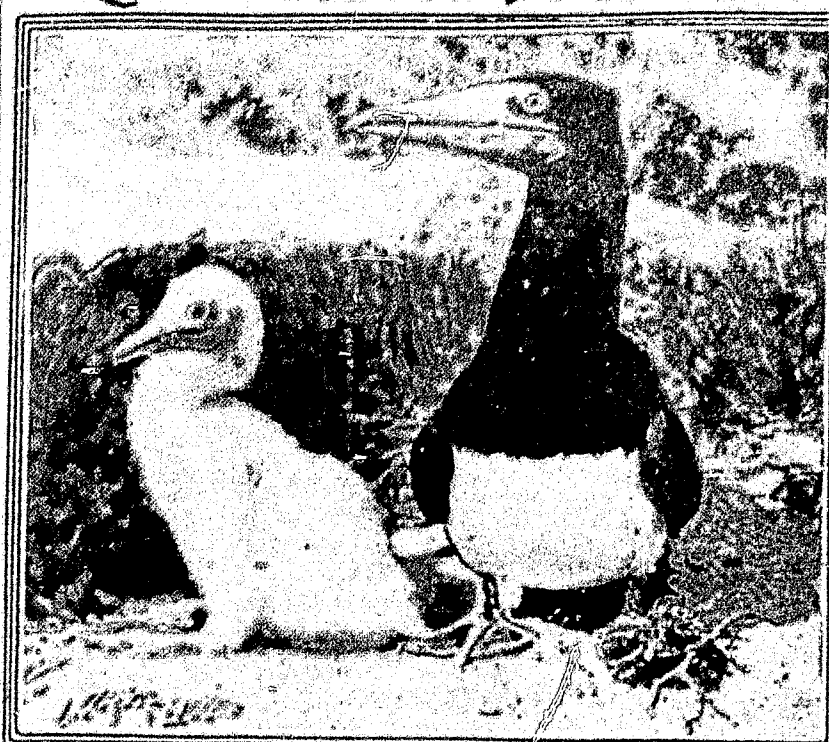
"Nurse," said the mistress to the new maid, who had recently landed from the other side, "do you feel like feeding the goldfish?"

"No, ma'am," replied the maid. "I feel like well, thank you."—Amert.

**Naturally**

For further (beginning) work on the crossword puzzle—And how will you have it clipped, lady?

"With a little bit of course."

Hawaiian Bird  
Reservation

Booby and Chick on Laysan Island.

When the United States annexed Hawaii, in addition to the eight large, inhabited islands that form the territory as the tourist sees it, a chain of islets that extend from the main group toward the northwest for more than 1200 miles was also acquired.

Uninhabited by man, except for a cable station at Midway, these have been little known. In 1903, through the interest of former President Roosevelt, these Laysan Islands of the Hawaiian group were set aside as the Hawaiian Bird Reservation, and placed under control of the United States Biological Survey.

From time to time parties have visited Laysan, an important bird rookery, to study its wonderful bird life, and perhaps en route have landed for a few hours at one or two other points. On the whole, however, the group, from a scientific standpoint, had been unexplored until 1923, when an expedition was made with the Navy Department for transportation and other assistance, and a cooperative expedition was organized for a complete exploration of these outlying islands.

On April 4 a party of 12 left Honolulu on a 1000-ton naval mine sweeper, the U. S. S. Thetis, for a four-month cruise.

Though rough and inhospitable to the traveler, the first island in the chain, Laysan, proved of great interest. Polynesian people had a colony of several hundred persons here. Level, lower plateau made of flattened stones rose up above the other in a little valley that, during rain, cut little channels into the soil.

The steep slopes were clothed with bushes, and ferns with great labor to get to the top of the island. The steep slopes were clothed with bushes, and ferns with great labor to get to the top of the island.

Some species of a slender palm grew in some of the groves, which a scrubby, mostly succulent plant called "taro" was found in the groves.

In these were flocks of the great frigate bird, a true frigate, but a startling member of the frigate family. Frigate birds are known to be very voracious, and are known to be very voracious, and are known to be very voracious.

From a distance of a few miles, the party proceeded after completing work on the island. The party proceeded after completing work on the island. The party proceeded after completing work on the island.

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## SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

**BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M.**, meets in Masonic Hall the first Thursday evening of every month. W. J. Mackay, W. M.; Fred B. Merrill, Secretary.

**PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S.**, meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of every month. Mrs. Grace Philbrook, W. M.; Mrs. Emma Van Den Kerckhoven, Sec.

**MT. ABRAHAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F.**, meets in their hall every Friday evening. A. S. Silver, N. G.; D. M. Forbes, Secretary.

**SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F.**, meets in Odd Fellows Hall the first and third Monday evenings of every month. Mrs. Alice Littlehale, N. G.; Miss Olive Austin, Secretary.

**SUBBURY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P.**, meets in Grange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of every month. H. C. Rowe, C. C.; N. C. Machia, K. of R. and S.

**NACCOMI TEMPLE, No. 68, PYTHIAN SISTERS**, meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of every month at Grange Hall. Mrs. Mildred Lowell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Heister Sanborn, M. of R. and C.

**BROWN POST, No. 84, G. A. R.**, meets at Odd Fellows Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of every month. A. H. Hutchinson, Commander; I. C. Jordan, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

**BROWN, W. R. C., No. 38**, meets in Odd Fellows Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of every month. Mrs. Lottie Inman, President; Mrs. Lillie Burbank, Secretary.

**GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION**, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Com. Commander; Lloyd Luxton, Adjutant.

**COL. C. S. EDWARDS CAMP, No. 72, S. O. F.**, meets first and third Thursday of each month in the Legion rooms. Perry Lapham, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

**BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56, P. of H.**, meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of every month. Zenas Merrill, M.; Eva W. Hastings, Secretary.

**Parent-Teachers' Association**, Meeting 2nd Monday of each month at Grammar School during school year. Pres., Miss Gwendolyn Gowing; Secretary, Mrs. Eugene Vandenberg.

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## Porto

## CHAPTER X—Continued

The silence was oppressive as it spread the poop ladder. A last burst of Latin ended on an hysterical note. The Spanish captain stalked the far side of the deck, rumbling, and fixed his gaze upon the galleons, and fixed his gaze upon the galleons, and fixed his gaze upon the galleons.

"You concern yourself with nothing," said Murray soothingly. "I have arranged it differently, and that end I shall act a part with you daughter which you must support, to the offering of violence. Alas, tell me, where is the treasure?"

"In the lazaret."

"Master Saunders?" called my green ancle. "Take fifty men and bring out a quantity of treasure from the lazaret of the prize."

"Aye, aye, sir," returned Saunders, and the pirates fell over themselves in their alacrity to have a hand in the business.

My green-uncle concluded the clearing of his sword, crossed to the ladder railing and tossed the bloodied tankard overhead.

"Oh, Master Martin," he halted to stare on the poop of the Royal James. "So good as to have a whip rigged from the foreyard-arm to sling about the treasure which Saunders is bringing out."

"Aye, aye, sir, I'll attend to it myself," Martin assured him. "My eyes for a ——— and a ——— the Twelve Apostles, blast 'em for a ——— lot of ———"

"A punnet fellow, Martin," commented my great-uncle, recrossing the deck. "But we must play our little comedy here. You, chevalier, are captain of the Anguished Parent. I am the Good Liberator. Peter is the Master with the howling-his gentle. Peter Robert—humph! I scarce know how to describe your role, Robert. You shall we say, are to be Youth? You shall be Youthful Wastefulness, and we adopt all the exigencies of the plot 'twould be necessary for you to strive with me for the possession of the maid. But we will save that anon. Play up to me, nephew! You, too, Peter!"

He left us and walked with a mincing gait, entirely different from his real catlike prow, up to the black garbed cluster surrounding Mistress O'Donnell.

"Stop me, a fair piece, this!" he drawled. "Too fair to bloom unscarred. Come hither, mistress!"

But the maid answered him so demurely that it made the blood prickles in my neck.

"A black shame on you, and these others here! I know you for what you are, Captain Rip-tap, and if you will be thinking I am one to fear you, I am sorry, anything you will have. Oh, a merry, anything you will have. Oh, a merry, anything you will have."

He had the grace to blush, but he set upon my suggestion with a sea-blaze of severity.

"Sir, sir, what is this you do?" cried. "Curses, there is some limit to your law-breaking! The maid I love my daughter!"

My great-uncle went through his stiff ritual with an awful exaggeration which was comical to one who knew him.

"Unfortunate!" he drawled. "I wish I could sympathize with you, sir."

"And to me—"

"Robert, you will conduct the lady to the James!"

"For the first time Mistress O'Donnell's glance lighted fair upon my face."

"Master O'Donnell!" she gasped. "You'd best come quietly, mistress. I snapped."

She flung her hands to fend me off and the fat trunk and the two men cast themselves upon me, the moon striking at my head with its heavy, red-hot and the sun scratching at my eyes. They were surely three of the bravest people who ever lived and but for Peter they would have won the day.

The Irishman showed staidly into the confusion, shaded off from the party, and the moon struck the two men out of the way. You take de little gal, Bob?" he asked.

He struggled with all the strength of his frame, but I flung him aside and tossed him into the sea.



# Porto Bello Gold

## CHAPTER X—Continued

By  
Arthur D. Howden Smith

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The silence was oppressive as we gazed the poop ladder. A last battle of Latin ended on an hysterical note. The Spanish captain stalked to the far side of the deck, rumbling across the planks, and fixed his gaze upon the purple hills of Hispaniola. Behind the steering-wheel the black flock of soldiers gathered closer under the great, gilded lantern which crowned the high, pulp-like recess intended to protect the helmsman; and amongst those cowed heads and shapeless swathed forms the slim grace and sunny blue eyes of Moira O'Donnell were as patent as the growing fear with which her father met us.

"Don Asencio has placed the conduct of matters in my hands. What is next? Must you?" he began.

He gestured expressively toward the vessel beneath us.

"It seems—I find myself—" "Tis a nauseating prospect—Several hundred men—and priests and nuns, Murray—

"Aye, a cardinal sin, one I'll never have absolution for, whatever betide—"

"You concern yourself without cause," said Murray soothingly. "We have arranged it differently, and to that end I shall act a part with your daughter which you must support; as to the offering of violence. And now, tell me, where is the treasure?"

"In the lazaret."

"Master Saunders?" called my great-uncle. "Take fifty men and break out a quantity of treasure from the lazaret of the prize."

"Aye, aye, sir," returned Saunders, and the pirates fell over themselves in their alacrity to have a hand in his business.

My great-uncle concluded the cleaning of his sword, crossed to the larboard railing and tossed the bloodied tankard overboard.

"Oh, Master Martin," he hailed the mate on the poop of the Royal James, "be so good as to have a whip rigged from the foreyard-arm to sling aboard the treasure which Saunders is breaking out."

"Aye, aye, sir, I'll attend to it all myself," Martin assured him. "My eyes for a—"

"And all the Twelve Apostles, blast 'em for a—"

"A puny fellow, Martin?" commented my great-uncle, recrossing the deck. "But we must play our little comedy here. You, chevalier, are cast for the Anguished Parent. I am the Aged Libertine. Peter is the Mate with the howling—"

"Robert—lump! I scarce know how to describe your role, Robert. You, shall we say, are to be Youth? You shall be Youthful Wantonness, and I will adopt all the exigencies of the plot 'twould be necessary for you finally to strive with me for the possession of the maid. But we will have that anon. Play up to me, nephew! You, too, Peter?"

He left us and walked with a mincing gait, entirely different from his rakish prowling, up to the black-garbed cluster surrounding Mistress O'Donnell.

"Stand me, a fair piece, this!" he drawled. "Too fair to bloom unseen. Come hither, mistress!"

But the maid answered him so daintily that it made the blood prick in my neck.

"A black shame on you, old enough to be the father of me and these others here! I know you for what you are, Captain Rip-tap, and if you will be thinking I am one to fear you it is a sorry reckoning you will have. Oh, it might better be down on your knees, asking pardon for the wickedness you have wrought, than plotting fresh evil, and threatening lady folk with your dreadful torments!"

"So you recognize me?" said my great-uncle. "Tis an honor, mistress. But I fear you have heard much to my prejudice, and I must press you to my ship and learn the contrary."

"They forward, colonel, and defend her!" muttered under my breath to her father.

He had the grace to blush, but he set upon my suggestion with a semblance of alacrity.

"Sir, what is this you do?" he cried. "Forces, there is a limit to your law-breaking! The maid is my daughter!"

My great-uncle went through his stiff ritual with an awful exaggeration which was comical to one who knew him.

"Infortunate!" he drawled. "I wish I could sympathize with you, sir. And to me—"

"Robert, you will conduct the lady to the James."

For the first time Mistress O'Donnell's glance lighted fair upon my face.

"Master Ormored!" she gasped. "You'd best come quietly, mistress," I snapped.

She hung her hands to fend me off, and the fat monk and the two nuns cast themselves upon me, the monk striking at my head with his heavy crosier and the nuns scratching and clawing so that I was put to it to protect my eyes. They were surely three of the bravest people who ever lived, and but for Peter they would have won me.

The big Dutchman waded steadily into the confusion, shoved Mistress O'Donnell from the poop and snatched the two nuns out of the way.

"You take the little girl, Rob," he bellowed.

She struggled with all the strength in her womanly body, but I pinned her hands and forced her into my arms.

der—and then her father attacked me, with the Spanish captain, whose patience had been exhausted by this last outrage.

Murray drew his sword and forced the Spaniard back and Peter slung O'Donnell over his shoulder as easily as I had the maid.

"I got him, ja," he announced to Murray.

My great-uncle sheathed his sword. "Carry him along," he said. "Since he is so much concerned as to his daughter's fate, we will permit him to watch it. Afterward, it may be, he can afford us some additional amusement. Stop me, a most persistent fellow!"

A line of pirates staggered across the decks, backs stooped beneath burdens of portly casks and iron-bound chests, wire-wrapped and padlocked, each dangle with leaden seals impressed with the arms of the Spanish king. They leered at my writhing captive, but they all looked quickly away as my great-uncle descended to us.

"Can you manage her alone?" he asked me curtly.

"I'll manage her or go overboard with her," I barked.

He smiled.

"The right spirit, lad! Tut, tut, mistress," as she wrenched a hand free and dug at my eyes. "You concern yourself for nothing. We have but played at a game. Observe your father's attitude."

"The greater his shame!" she hissed. "That he should have suffered you to take me alive!"

"We are friends," urged my relative, lowering his voice. "Tis but a pretense we make—"

"Friends! Ah, you are friends to the Powers of Evil!"

"The patient a little longer, Moira," pleaded her father from his perch on Peter's shoulder. "I'll explain—"

She went of a sudden entirely limp and burst into a passion of weeping.

"Oh, padre, padre, to think of you a coward! 'Tis worst of all!" O'Donnell arose helplessly.

I climbed by way of a cannonade on to the larboard bulwarks, holding Mistress O'Donnell with one arm while I took a strand of rigging with the other; and even as I collected myself to jump the gap that separated the two vessels she twisted free of me and would have slid overboard—to be crushed to death, most likely, for the two hulls were continually grinding together. I caught her in the nick of time, letting go my clutch upon the rigging, and was near to being dragged down with her, teetering back and forth as aimless as a feather blown by the wind. So that, what with her struggles and my own loss of balance, I gritted my teeth and jumped most precariously, bit or miss, and I am bound to admit, landed upon the James' bulwarks rather by good fortune than skill.

I dropped to the deck in no very pleasant mood. "An ill recompense for one that hath been in pains to spare your father's reputation, mistress," I growled, as surely as any pirate of the crew. "You might have been my death!"

She looked at me, too surprised to answer at once, and before she had recovered herself, my great-uncle and Peter joined us. Peter still placidly carrying Colonel O'Donnell in a four sack.

Murray cast a swift glance of appraisal around his ship.

"We have come through very creditably," he remarked. "Martin, let me know as soon as the prize treasure is all aboard."

He turned to us.

"The captain is ready to fall upon our comely. Will you accept my arm, Mistress O'Donnell?" A glance of mine and a tide of ash's face will into better than Robert's ear, which your danger prompted me to nudge. He, too, my face.

She stared at him with utter horror, yet suffered him to place her hand upon her arm. The spirit was gone out of her, exhausted by the strain she had been subjected to. She was like a butterfly plucked on a thorn.

Remember of the same session

I caught her in the Nick of Time.

My great-uncle went through his stiff ritual with an awful exaggeration which was comical to one who knew him.

"Infortunate!" he drawled. "I wish I could sympathize with you, sir. And to me—"

"Robert, you will conduct the lady to the James."

For the first time Mistress O'Donnell's glance lighted fair upon my face.

"Master Ormored!" she gasped. "You'd best come quietly, mistress," I snapped.

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She struggled with all the strength in her womanly body, but I pinned her hands and forced her into my arms.

me," my great-uncle protested. "I was compelled in the beginning of our acquaintance to give her a wrong impression of my character, and I am extremely desirous to have her good opinion."

"But why is Master Ormored a captive? Why does he say I am a captive, if—"

"You are not a captive," returned my great-uncle. "At least, I say that under the impression that, as your father's daughter and a devout Jacobite, you would not, whatever your personal feelings might be, undertake to interfere with our plans."

"I am wondering are you all mad," she said blankly.

"You may well say so," I exclaimed. "The truth is, mistress: Master Murray hath besides his own ship's company a second band of pirates the which are restless beneath his thumb. He desired me to be his lieutenant to help him hold them in restraint, and—"

"You restrained them bravely aboard the Santissima Trinidad!" she said. "That was to save you!" I declared. "Truth, and I'm saved," she echoed sarcastically.

"Yes, you and your father," said Murray gravely. "Colonel O'Donnell risked everything on this coup of ours. To protect him 'twas essential it should never be known he was privy to it. We had the choice of two means to that end. One was to sink the Santissima Trinidad with all hands except yourselves. The other was to arrange to remove the two of you in such fashion as to establish your innocence. I am free to say the first was the easiest course. The dictates of humanity, however, prevailed.

must have affected my relative, for he patted the limp hand on his arm with a truly paternal kindness.

"Come, come, did I not say the comedy was ended?" he chided her. "You are as safe here as in your Spanish convent. But the deck is too public for our revelations. We will seek the seclusion of the cabin, and there the complete tale shall be unfolded for your reassurance, with your father a witness to support it."

She shook her head.

"I—I—"

"To be sure," he agreed. "But you soon shall. Peter, good friend, get thee three steps within the companion-way and there deposit Colonel O'Donnell with decent propriety upon the two limbs Nature intended for his locomotion. Ah! Excellent! Allow me, mistress."

Ben Gunn and the two negro lackeys ushered the party to their seats. Mistress O'Donnell sank into hers with a weariness that was pathetic. She was quite regardless of her surroundings, and there she sat, her head bowed, at the opposite end, and I sat beside her.

"Let me give you a glass of this aqua vitae, my lass," said my great-uncle. "It's efficacious for fatigue and the migraine. See, I taste it myself. 'Tis quite all right. You, too, chevalier? Excellent! Perhaps you will pass the flask to Master Corrier yonder, and Master Ormored yonder—my nephew. But I believe you and your daughter have had previous acquaintance with him."

O'Donnell muttered something none too civil, but the maid bestrid herself, and her eyes examined me again with the mingling of horror and astonishment which governed her mood.

"How come you here?" she asked. "You—you are you also a pirate?"

"I am a captive as surely as yourself," I returned. "Aye, more so."

"A captive?" she exclaimed, her interest fanned alight. "But surely you—"

My great-uncle interrupted her. "Please, Mistress O'Donnell! Our tale is sufficiently complicated. Let us not make it more difficult to comprehend by confusing it at the beginning with side-issues. First, that there may be no misunderstanding, 'tis true that I am he who is known as Captain Rip-tap."

She shrank away from him in a renewed access of terror.

"I have already told you that you have no cause to fear me," he went on gently, "and to prove that to you I will add that I am an outlaw—what is called a pirate, although I detest the word myself—because I am a Jacobite. I believe, too, I am a claimant for your father as my friend."

He looked inquiringly at O'Donnell. The Irishman drained his glass.

"Tis true," he asserted. "This gentleman is one Andrew Murray, who was out in the '15 and was afterward in trouble in New York province on the score of intrigues with our friends and the French, Moira. He hath been a good servant to King James."

"But for why will you have been the death of all the poor folk on the Santissima Trinidad?" she cried.

"Tis regrettable that Spaniards had to die," answered my great-uncle, lowering his voice to a proper degree of emotion. "But I can be your friend, for Spain has not helped the good cause as she might when there was a bonny chance of fetching the Stuart line."

"That is God's truth," she admitted with quick passion. "But I am thinking 'tis not overhonest."

"You talk nonsense, Moira," blurted her father. "Is it not better that this treasure should be employed to recover England and all the lands pertaining to the English crown for their rightful rulers who will assist in the restoration of the True Faith than it should be poured into the pockets of the huge favorites of Madrid?"

Why, then, there are great lords and a prince of the Church no less, that set the seal of their approval to what we do. The people of Spain will be thanking us for the use to which we turned their treasure, and then we'll pay it back," he added with a happy inspiration.

"Oh, that we will!" declared my great-uncle. "What a million and a half pounds to royal Spain! Aye, or to an England that wastes grandly prosperous under wise Stuart rule!"

She was silent.

His serene manner conveyed subtly an implication of the importance he attached to her approval.

"I would not insist a case of one so young and charming, my dear," he went on, "but possibly you will forgive me if I indicate to you the regrettable circumstance that the ideal is seldom attained. In order to secure the means for re-establishing King James and what your father so quaintly terms the True Faith in the British Isles, it hath been necessary for a gentleman of questionable legal status—myself associated with others of yet more dubious antecedents and reputed to procure the death of diverse Spanish persons, who, of themselves, had never wrought one harm against us or the cause we served. 'Tis by precisely such contrivances of guile and hidden facts that essential events are brought about. I trust my reasoning is clear?"

O'Donnell emitted a gasp with an implicit growl that washed an oath.

"You are wasting time, Murray," Moira is a good lass, and my daughter; but what she thinks of this nonsense—"

"Tis of considerable importance to

me," my great-uncle protested. "I was compelled in the beginning of our acquaintance to give her a wrong impression of my character, and I am extremely desirous to have her good opinion."

"But why is Master Ormored a captive? Why does he say I am a captive, if—"

"You are not a captive," returned my great-uncle. "At least, I say that under the impression that, as your father's daughter and a devout Jacobite, you would not, whatever your personal feelings might be, undertake to interfere with our plans."

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"You may well say so," I exclaimed. "The truth is, mistress: Master Murray hath besides his own ship's company a second band of pirates the which are restless beneath his thumb. He desired me to be his lieutenant to help him hold them in restraint, and—"

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"Yes, you and your father," said Murray gravely. "Colonel O'Donnell risked everything on this coup of ours. To protect him 'twas essential it should never be known he was privy to it. We had the choice of two means to that end. One was to sink the Santissima Trinidad with all hands except yourselves. The other was to arrange to remove the two of you in such fashion as to establish your innocence. I am free to say the first was the easiest course. The dictates of humanity, however, prevailed.

"And what do you know of humanity that soaked the decks of the Santissima Trinidad with blood?" she asked. "You that the Spaniards cite as a byword for cruelty and wickedness? I will not believe a word that you say. I will not believe any man here. You are all smirched with the same badness."

Peter leaned his great bulk forward upon the table.

"You talk no more, you," he commanded the Irishman. "Now, I talk! Little girl, hold on! I do not count on Murray because we like to. He makes us ja. He uses us. He uses your father. He uses you. But when we are with him we do what we can to take care of you. It is not good for little girls to be on pirate ships. Now!"

He leaned back.

"Her blue eyes dwelt seriously upon his vast, flat face, with its insignificant features bunched here and there. 'I believe you,' she said."

"Stop me," I begged Murray. "Our Peter is a discovered a scintilla of dam—"

"A great chevalier, Peter, you have disguised your talents. We must know more of them."

"Ja," said Peter vacantly.

Mistress O'Donnell rose.

"Sir," she addressed my great-uncle, "you will be excusing me if I do not longer for more conversation. What you do hath no concern with me. I am very distressed, and my heart is sick with the black sorrow, and I—I—" she waved a little "I slipped from my seat and steadied her."

"Take her to your stateroom, Robert," said my great-uncle. "You must nurse with Peter."

He rose, himself, leaving with me the courtesy which became him readily.

I guided her as far as the stateroom door. She thanked me faintly as I opened it for her, and I was abruptly impelled to recover her friendship.

"What I tried to tell you was the truth," I murmured, the words spilling fast from my tongue. "Indeed it was true. Peter cannot but have the right of it. We two are so patient, and all that we had done was intended to take account of your day."

There was a soft light in her eyes as she tilted them under her black lashes.

"And send me to bed," she said. "I must not be judged. The world is gone off its head. Even the padre."

She closed the door.

"You will not misunderstand," she added with quiet dignity, "if I say no more that maybe already he said too much."

## CHAPTER XI

### The Dead Man's Chest

When I returned to the main cabin Ben Gunn was playing foot on the table and my great-uncle was removing the liquor from Colonel O'Donnell's reach.

Nothing was said until the steward and the negroes had retired. Then Murray sat forward in his chair.

## Gather Every Fifteen Years to Honor Deity

On the great hill of Sravastibhaga, in Mysore state, southern India, stands a colossal image over 60 feet high of the god Komateawara. Every 15 years a great festival is held in honor of the deity, and hundreds of thousands of Jains come from all parts of India to participate in it.

One of the principal events of the festival is the ceremonial anointing of the image with ghee, milk, sandalwood oil and other liquids. A huge scaffolding is erected around the figure to render it accessible, and the right to anoint it put up at auction—a curious feature of a religious festival.

The figure of the god is a huge monolith—probably the largest in the

world. It was hewn out of solid rock at least a thousand years ago and is in a wonderful state of preservation.—Wide World Magazine.

"There is a certain matter of importance to be discussed, colonel," he announced. "I must have your attention."

O'Donnell nodded sulkily.

"As you know, the crew of my associate, Captain Flint, some of whom you saw in New York, are not under the same discipline as my own men. I must have the security of the Rendezvous, and for that I must needs pay Flint. Also, I may have need of him in other ways. 'Tis contrary to my instinct to break with Flint if it can be avoided. 'Tis similarly contrary to my instinct to trust him further than I must, and in this immediate case I am loath to trust him."

"What's to do?" rasped O'Donnell. "Raise his price?"

"No, no. My suggestion is that we should stow away our friends' portion of the treasure before we return to the Rendezvous."

"Where?"

"I have been turning that in my mind for several weeks. There is an island south of Porto Rico in the Vir-

gin group, a barren dot, hated by all seamen for sorry memories of shipwreck and suffering. They call it the Dead Man's Chest."

"The Irishman frowned.

"What? Dump this gold we have risked so much to win on a sandbar for the first passing fellow to—"

"I have said no man will go there if he can help it."

"I like it not," growled O'Donnell. "My friends would have ugly things to say did the stuff slip from our hands in that war."

"Tis less likely to slip from our hands on the Dead Man's Chest than aboard the Royal James," answered Murray. "Rebuke you, chevalier! 'Twill give us time to let the hue and cry of the Spaniards die down and to arrange with your friends for its reception."

"Whatever you say, 'tis a miserable alternative," protested O'Donnell. "Let us rather hold north and set the treasure ashore in France."

"To run the gauntlet of French and English cruisers?" my great-uncle demanded scornfully. "O'God, man, you are out of your mind! And when you had landed it, what would you do? How much of it would go to your friends and how much to grease the pockets of French officials?"

My great-uncle took snuff, tapping the box thoughtfully after he had tasted the powder in his nostrils.

"To be strictly honest with you gentlemen," he remarked at last, "I am disposed to return to Flint because I foresee a possibility of my dealing to sacrifice him to cover our tracks. I have no definite plan in mind, but in a slighter might shape itself to which it would be desirable to supply a motive for Spaniards, Frenchmen and Englishmen to chase. I should greatly prefer as I am sure you would, that the fugitive be the Wolcott and not the James. Also, note that situation arises, the Rendezvous is the safest hiding-place I know this side of Africa."

A step clanged to the companion-way, and Martin stuck his retailed head in the cabin.

"Last of the—"

"Ruddy boys is comin' aboard, sir," he said. "What course will ye set?"

Murray looked at the Irishman.

"Here's the moment for decision, sir," he said. "It's for you to say what shall be done."

O'Donnell snatched his open hand upon the table top.

"A trace to arguing!" he exclaimed. "I am in your hands, Murray, whether it pleases me or not. 'Tis whether you think best."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN  
Editor of "HEALTH"

## LEPROSY IN THE UNITED STATES

LEPROSY is an ancient disease. It was evidently known and dreaded in Egypt before the time of the Exodus, as shown by the minute and stringent laws that Moses, the world's first great health officer, enforced on the Children of Israel. Readers of the Bible know how frequently the Bible writers refer to the disease and how much it was dreaded. Whether what was called leprosy in biblical days was exactly what we now recognize as leprosy or was a combination of several different diseases is a question over which experts are still arguing. Whatever it was, it was evidently much commoner and more contagious than it is today. Judging from the large number of leper hospitals and colonies in Europe during the Middle Ages, leprosy was apparently a commoner disease during that period. Today, in most civilized countries, it is rare.

It still exists in this country, although so uncommon that the great majority of physicians have never seen a case. Only occasionally, when a case is discovered and announced in the newspapers, does the average person know of its existence. The popular fear of the disease is far out of proportion to the danger.

The United States public health service estimates that there are about twelve hundred lepers in this country. There are more in the Gulf states than anywhere else. The disease has existed for generations in these states, especially in Louisiana, probably through contact with the tropical countries of Central and South America through commerce; the infection was brought in one hundred years ago through the African slave trade and possibly through the settling of parts of Louisiana by the Acadians.

None of our states has any hospital or facilities for treating these unfortunate, so the national government has taken over their care. No state wanted to have a leper hospital located in its borders. Louisiana had already established a leper hospital, so in 1921 the federal government purchased the hospital and enlarged it. It now has room for 425 persons and the United States public health service has the authority to take charge of any leper in any state and transport him to Carlisle, Pa., where he is cared for at public expense until he dies or recovers.

The best authorities agree that leprosy is a dangerous contagious disease and that the best method of controlling it is to keep each leper separated from healthy persons so long as the disease is active.

## VARICOSE VEINS AND ULCERS</



